

A ROLE-PLAYING GAME THAT PUTS YOU IN CHARGE OF A B-17 BomBER!

50 MISSION CRUSH™



WHY CAN'T
EVERY MISSION
BE THIS EASY?



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WHY CAN'T EVERY MISSION BE THIS EASY?

KCHUNK!

KRAK!

THUMP!



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As you command 10 crew members, each of which plays a different role in your mission. After each mission, the computer rates your performance and may award you medals and/or promotion points.

- Rules cover crew experience, flak, enemy fighters, fighter escort, fuel usage, forced landings, bailing out, bombing accuracy & damage.
- Ability to save the game after a mission for later play.

WHY CAN'T
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KRAUNK!

KRAK!

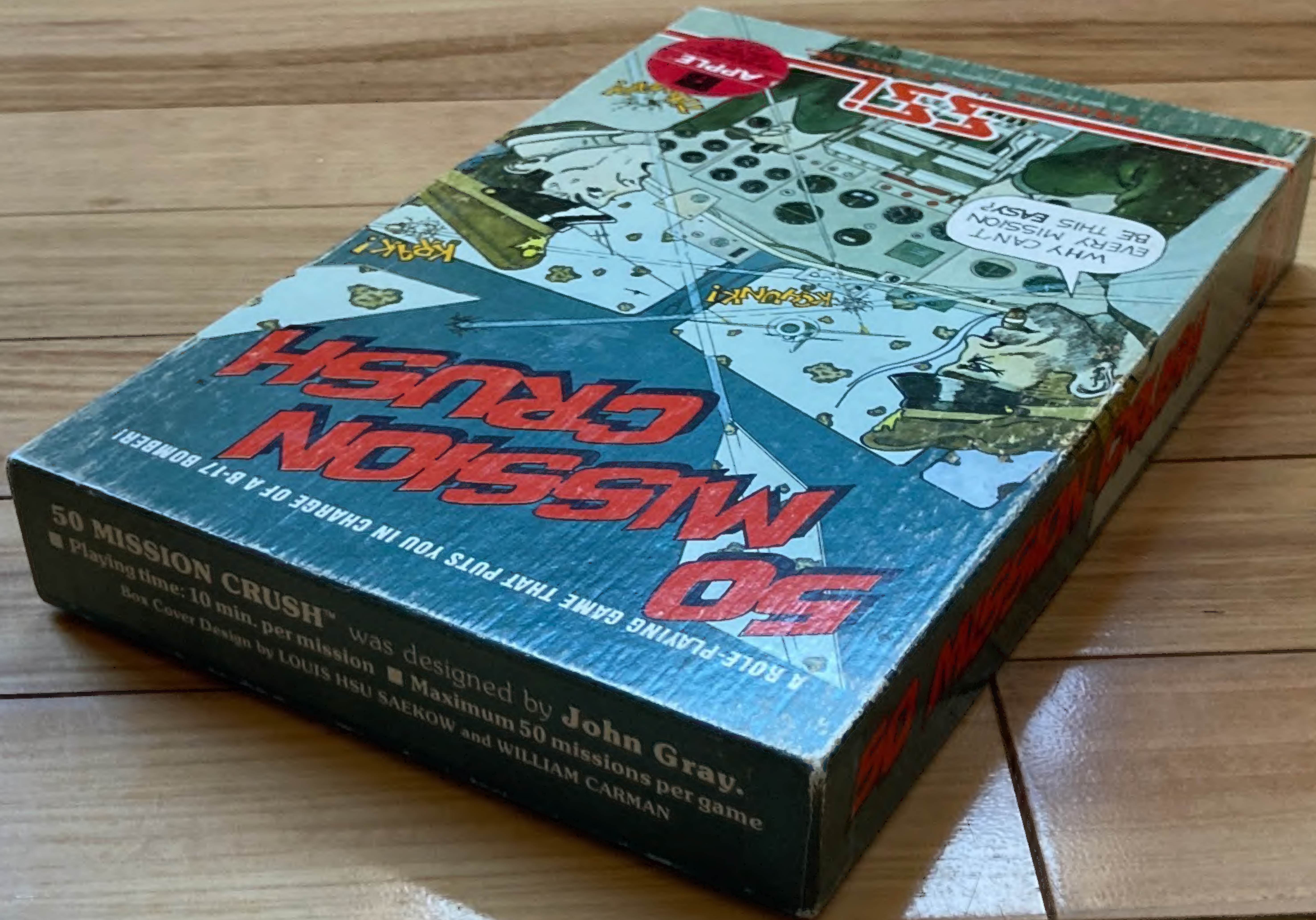
KHAP!

SSI
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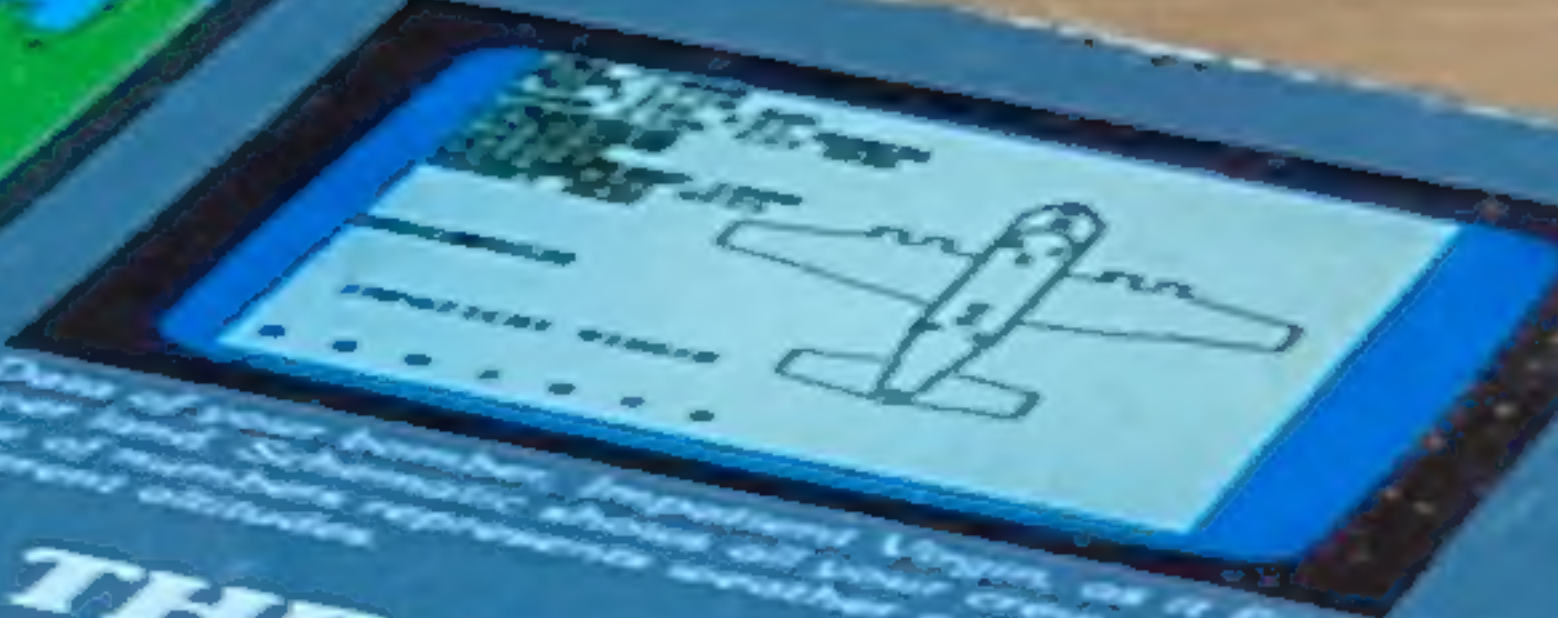

APPLE[®]
48K disk for Apple II
with Applesoft
ROM, II+, IIe
and IIC.

...and 10 crew members each
...different role in your mission.
...and the computer rates your
...and awards you medals.

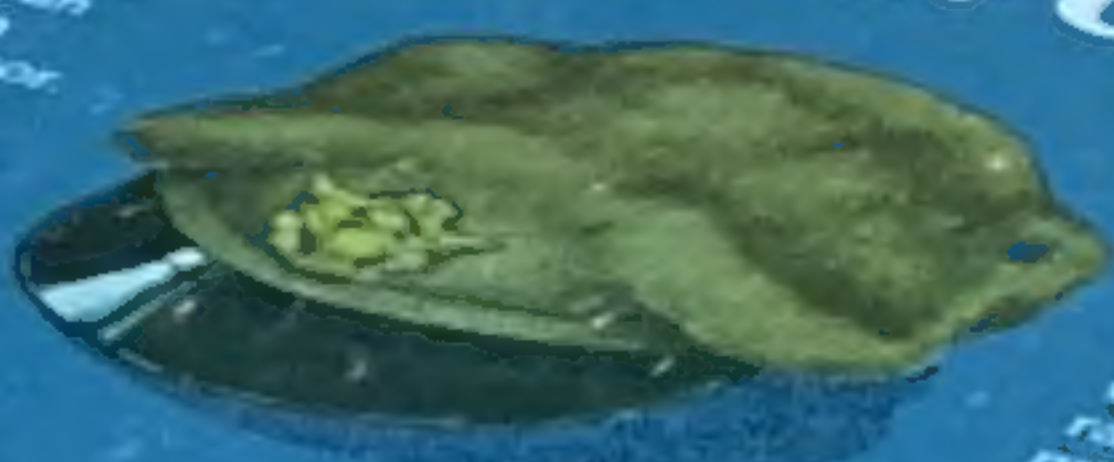
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50 MISSION CRUSH™ was designed by **John Gray.**
■ Playing time: 10 min. per mission ■ Maximum 50 missions per game
Box Cover Design by LOUIS HSU SAEKOW and WILLIAM CARMAN



50 MISSION CRUSH **BRAVE PILOTS OF THE B-17s... YOUR CROWN OF GLORY.**



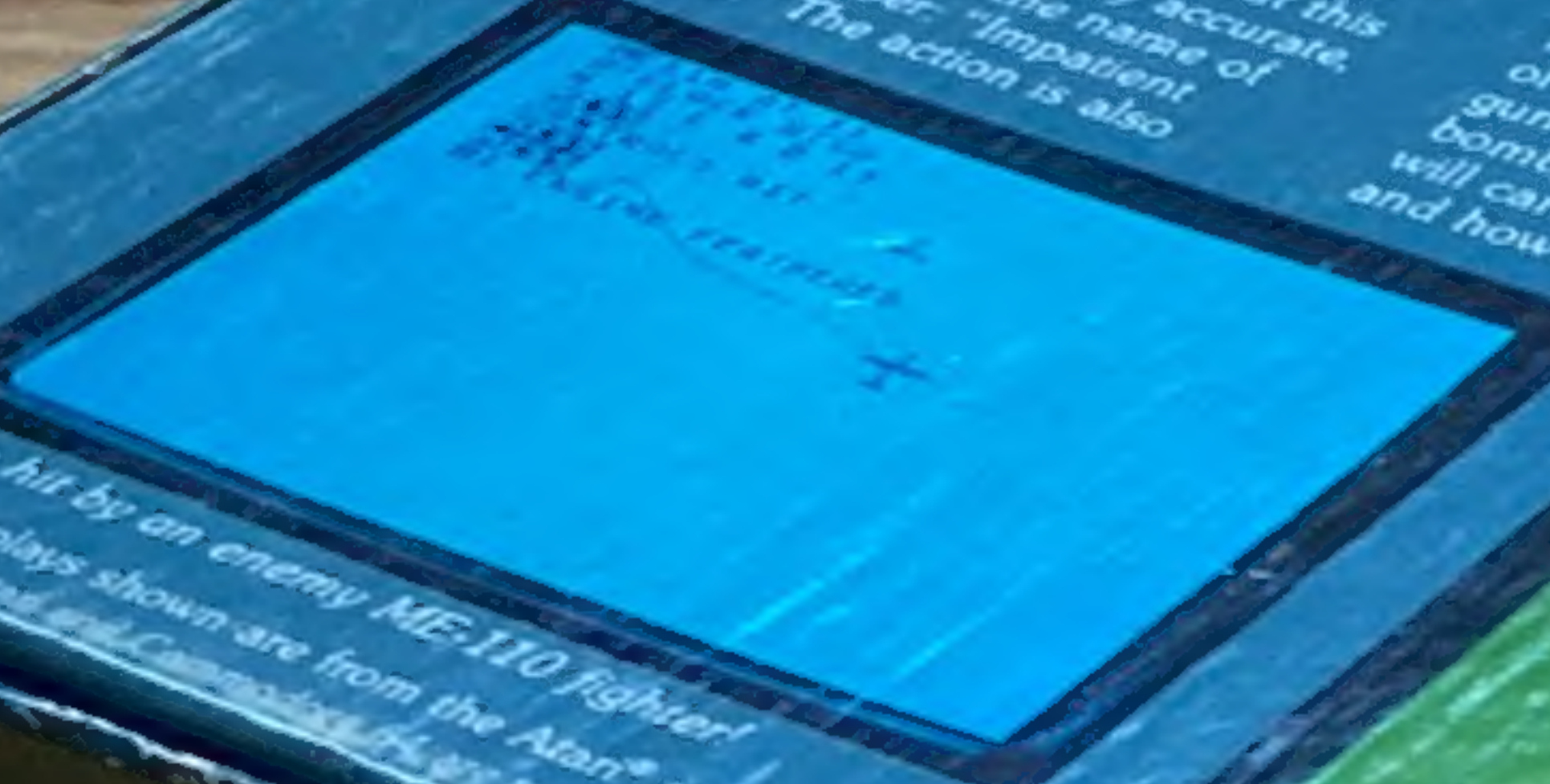
It is now the name of this exciting and unique role-playing videogame. 50 MISSION CRUSH puts you in the cockpit as pilot of the most glamorous bomber of World War II — the B-17 Flying Fortress.

As part of the 8th Air Force 300 Bomber Group, you must try to survive fifty harrowing raids over France and Germany. Everything about this game is historically accurate, right down to the name of your bomber: "Impatient Virgin." The action is also

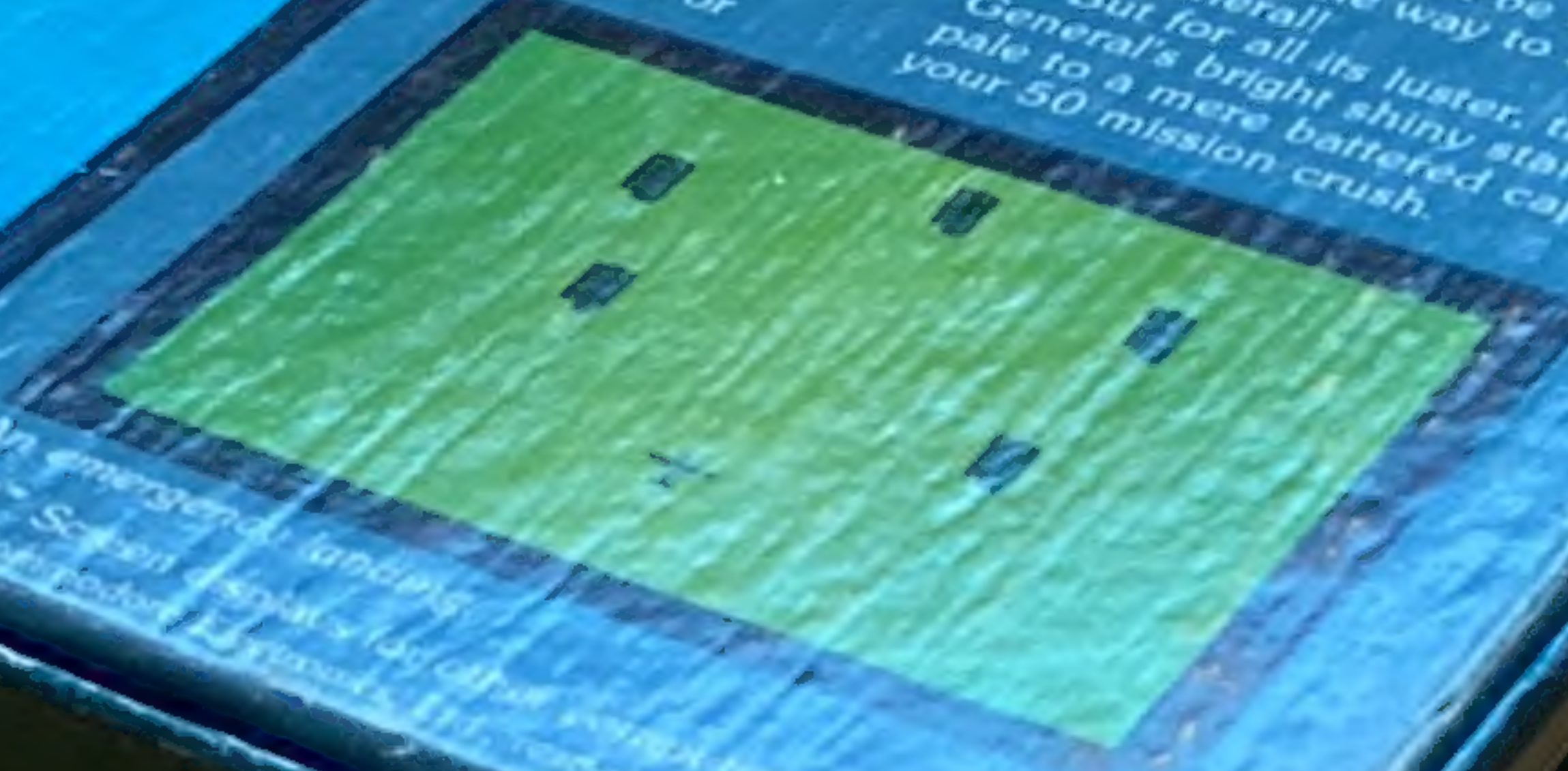
real... fast and intense! Like a real B-17 commander, you'll have full control of your bomber and your gunners. You'll determine the bomb/fuel ratio your plane will carry on each mission, and how you'll fly (high or

low altitude). After each mission (if you've survived!), you'll be evaluated by the computer and awarded points based on such factors as: How difficult was the mission? How accurate was your bombing? How many enemy planes did you shoot down (Don't forget enemy fighters get better at shooting down B-17s as time goes by)?

The more points you get, the closer you'll be to a promotion. Starting off as a Lieutenant, you'll be able to make it all the way to Brigadier General! But for all its luster, the General's bright shiny star will pale to a mere battered cap — your 50 mission crush.



You're hit by an enemy ME-110 fighter!



An emergency landing! Screen displays show you're in a bad spot.

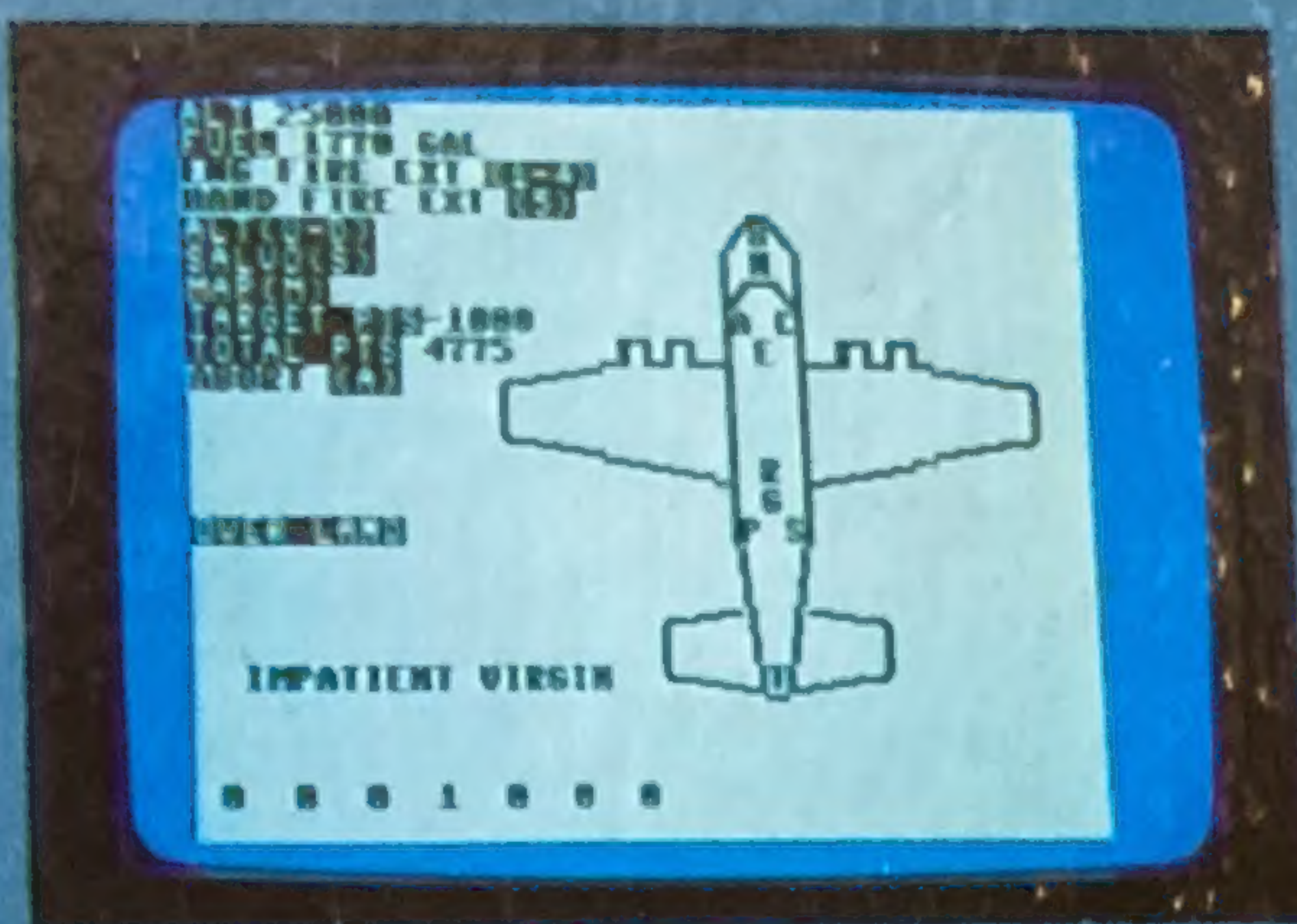
Screen displays shown are from the Atari® and Commodore 64®. Atari and Commodore are registered trademarks of Atari, Inc. and Commodore International, Inc. respectively.

As pilot, you command 10 crew members, each of which plays a different role in your mission. After each mission, the computer rates your performance and may award you medals and/or promotion points.

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Based in England as part of the 8th Air Force 306 Bomber Group, you have 22 targets to bomb in France and Germany. They are well protected by enemy fighters and anti-aircraft batteries.



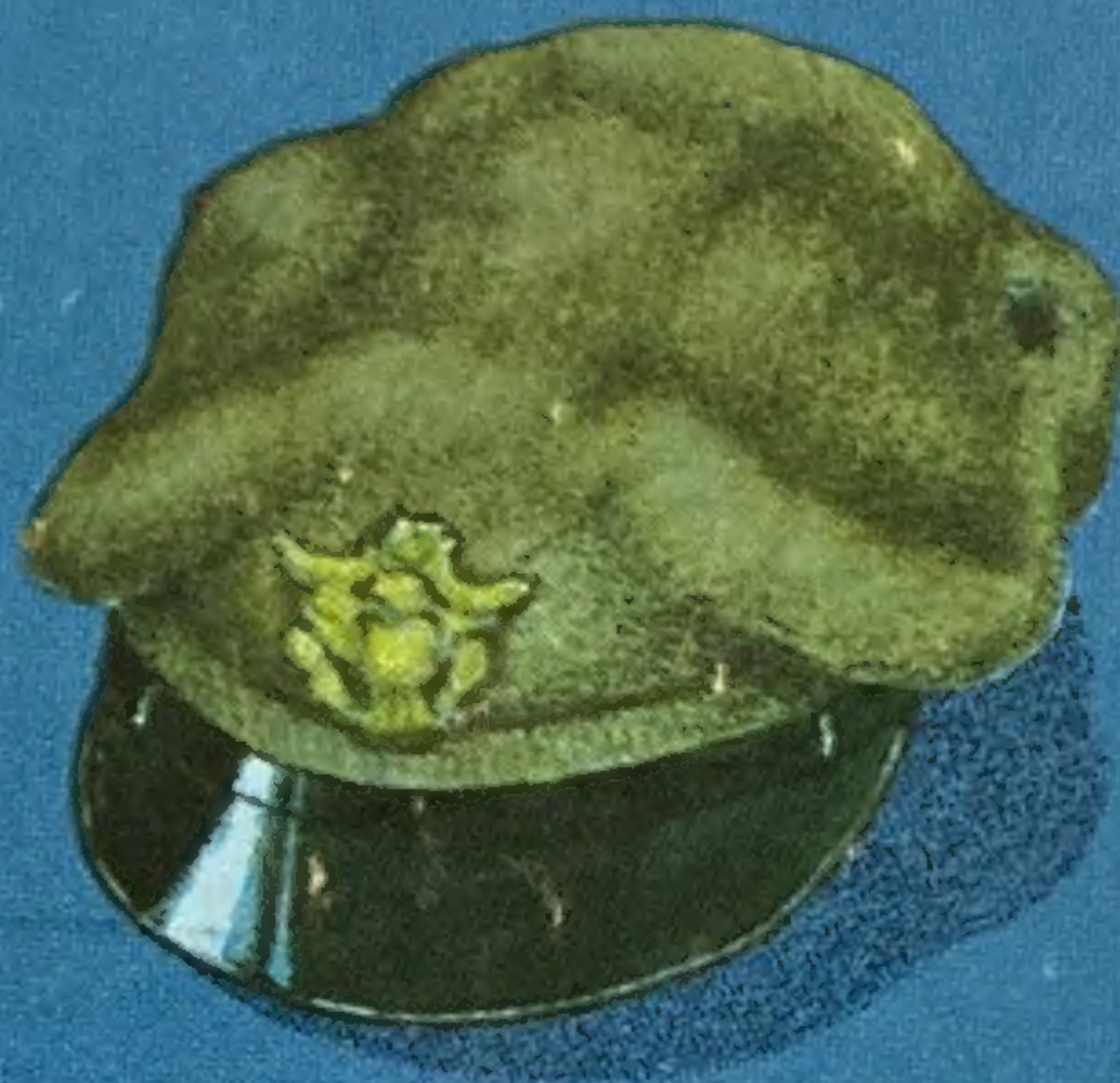
Data of your bomber, *Impatient Virgin*, as it flies over land. Schematic shows all your crew. The row of numbers represents weather conditions at different altitudes.

BRAVE PILOTS OF THE B-17s... YOUR CROWN OF GLORY.

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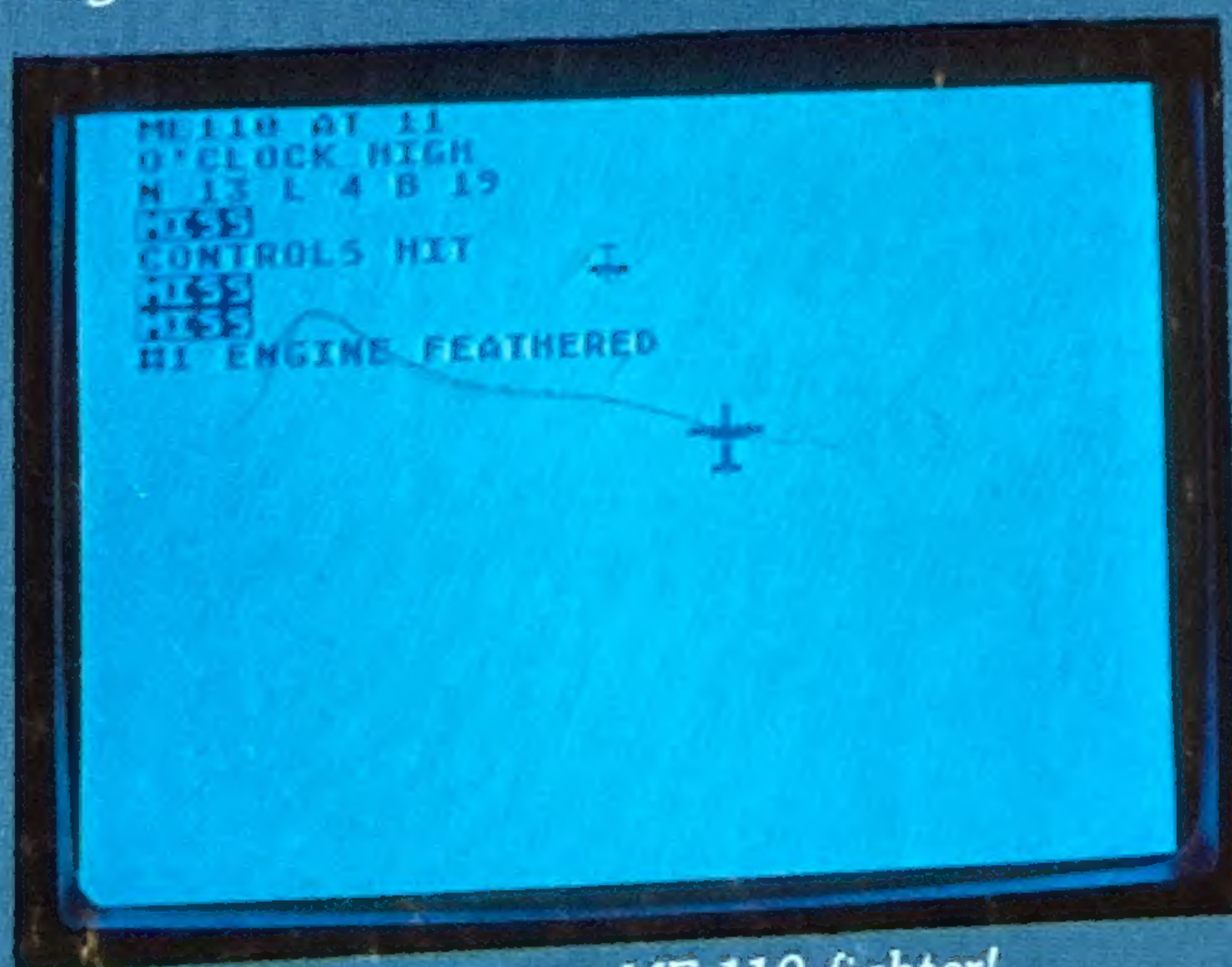
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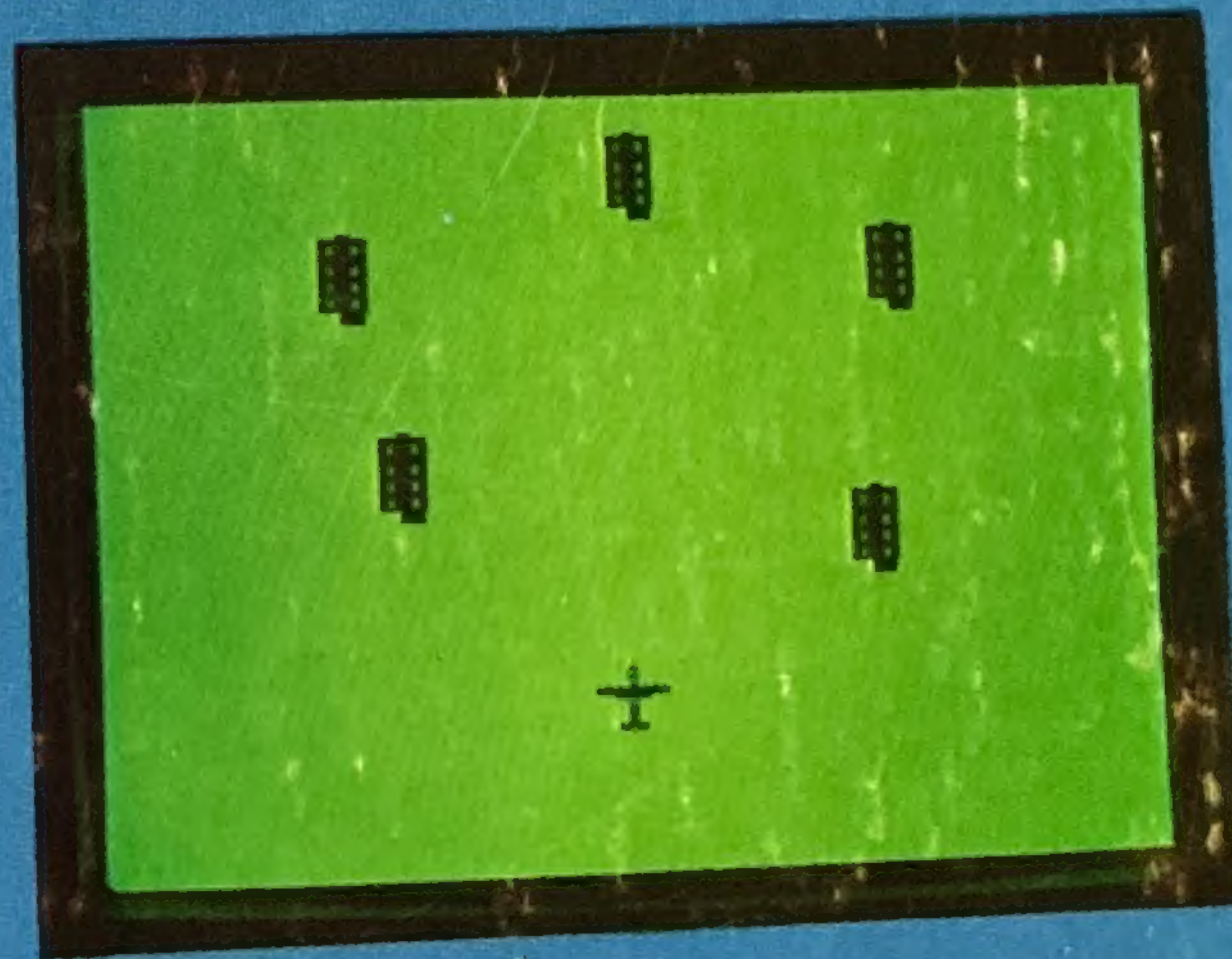
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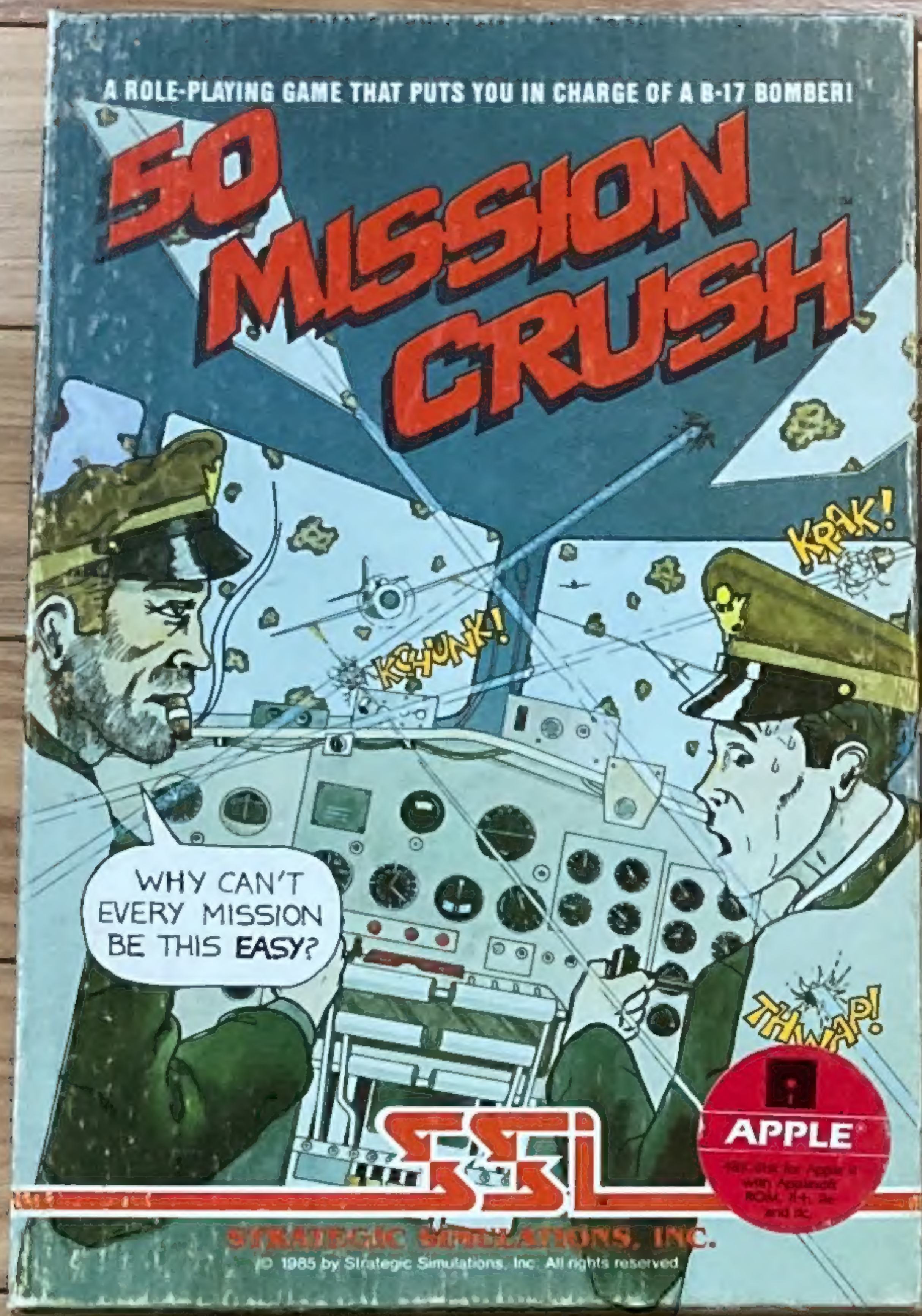


An emergency landing.

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LONELY FORTRESS IN THE SKY

By Robert S. Billings

White contrails streaming out behind them in the sky, the B-17s would leave the safety of the English coast and set out across the cold slate-gray waters of the English Channel, shimmering far below them. Each crew was part of a big parade in the sky that might extend for many miles. A glance out of the already frosting windows might well bring a proud surge in the chest. They could feel part of a mighty machine which had been assembled with thousands of hours of production, training, and planning — all leading to this moment of truth. The parade in the sky was protected by hundreds, even thousands of heavy 50-caliber machine guns, each with its long belts of hundreds of shells. And on the flanks of the parade they could see scores of protecting fighters shepherding them on their way.

It was enough to give a man a glow of confidence. For the moment, that is — if one could forget what was soon to come.

All too soon those fighters would turn back, only enough fuel in their tanks to get them to their home bases. And then the German fighters would be on them — FW-190s, Me-109s and 110s, their wings glittering with little sparks where their machine guns and 20-millimeter cannon were firing at the bombers. And then, after what seemed and often were long hours of battle, the German fighters would disappear and the target would be below the parade in the sky — no longer in full formation but shot through with gaps where there had been the planes that were now only a part of that trail of fires and explosions that extended behind them for hundreds of miles. Then the black flak would start to blossom around them, each burst spreading lethal metal

in all directions. And when welcome "Bombs away!" finally came and they could take evasive action and pray to make it through the rest of the flak, there was the certain knowledge that if they did, the enemy fighters would be waiting, wingtips winking their little sparks at them in greeting.

So there was not long for the glow of confidence to warm them — once they had been through it and knew what to expect. They were no longer parts of a mighty machine, welded together to strike terror to the hearts of the enemy. Each B-17 became a lonely little fortress in the sky, lost in its own battle of survival.

The men huddled over machine guns and instruments within these heavy bombers were, for the most part, civilians recently enlisted into the Army Air Force, hurriedly trained as specialists, and then flown overseas to take on the air force that Hitler and Goering had created and made the greatest combat air power ever to exist — the Luftwaffe. In each plane there were ten men — four officers and six enlisted men. There was the pilot (who was the commanding officer of the unit) and the co-pilot (the only other man in the plane who could fly it if the pilot became wounded). But what happened if both pilot and co-pilot were disabled? The first choice was to bail out and hope all the parachutes opened (and this was no hundred-percent certainty, by the way). But on many occasions one or more of the wounded could not jump and their comrades would not want to leave them to be killed in the inevitable crash. Then there was only one hope.

The Air Force had found the best way to get sufficient numbers of qualified men to fill its many specialist roles was to let every minimally qualified applicant

be admitted to pilot training. Then the "washing-out" started. At any period during the training a candidate could be disqualified for one of countless reasons. And they were — by the hundreds.

These men were not lost to the Air Force, however. They were the source for the many thousands of other specialists needed. Consequently it was fairly common for at least one of those other eight men in the plane to have received some flying training before "washing out" and becoming a gunner, radio man, or bombardier. Thus it was that the "washed-out" specialist could, if he had sufficient courage and confidence, try to bring the plane home and land it. If he succeeded, he was a hero and his badly wounded comrades were saved. If not there would be another burning pile of rubble on the runway and any medals for heroism would be awarded posthumously.

The other two officers in the plane (the ones most likely to have had some pilot training) were the bombardier and the navigator. It was the bombardier's primary responsibility to line up the target in the famous Norden bombsight during the bombing run. The instruments were so arranged that, usually, the bombardier actually controlled the flying of the plane until he had pressed the button which released the bombs. During those few (but to the men in the plane, surrounded by flak in the bomb run, interminable) seconds, the bombardier was the most important man in the plane. For all ten men in the plane were there for one purpose, finally — to put those bombs on the target. During all the other flying hours necessary to get to the target (and to get home again afterward) the bombardier served as a gunner in the front of the plane.

The navigator was the officer who plotted the course all the way. He was the one to know where they were at any given moment, the one to tell the pilot where to fly if they became separated from their formation (as happened

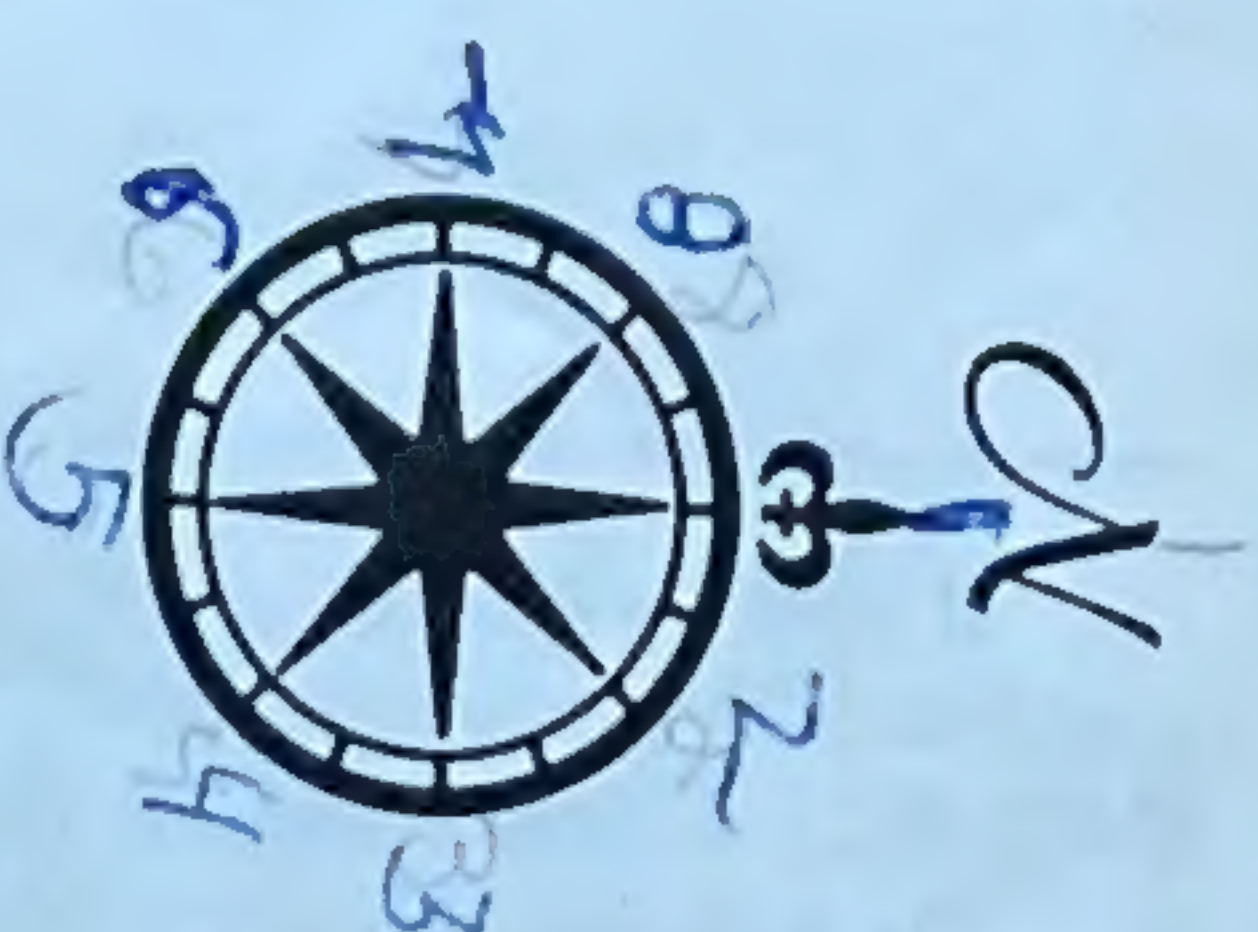
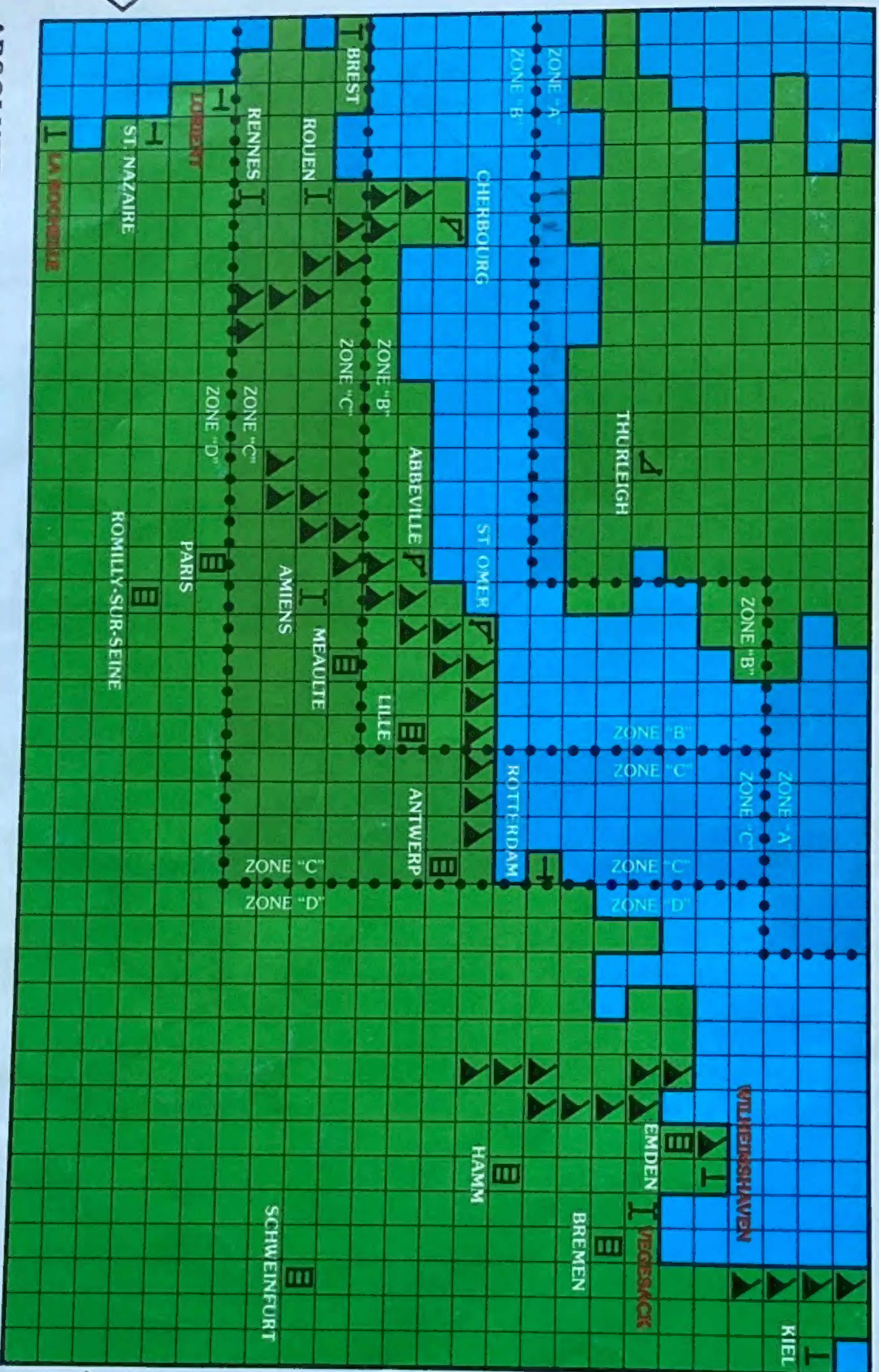
many times, either because of a mechanical failure requiring them to abort the mission or because damage to the plane made it impossible for them to keep up). The navigator also was the plane's "record keeper," noting down everything of significance that happened on the mission and exactly when it had happened. The gunners especially relied on him to note their claims of planes shot down. And in his spare time, the navigator was expected to man one of the guns in the forward section of the plane.

The other man in the forward section was the engineer. He was an enlisted man — usually a sergeant with training in the technical aspects of the bomber. But when they came under attack from enemy fighters he manned the turret on the top of the fuselage.

Back in the midsection of the plane were the waist gunners, enlisted men manning single 50-caliber machine guns, one on each side of the plane. Behind them in a separate compartment was the radio operator. Below them in the ball turret (a little plexiglass bubble sticking out of the belly of the plane) hunched the belly gunner over his twin fifties. Shut off from all the others, crammed into his few feet of space like a fetus, and hanging in space with only a thin sheet of plexiglass between him and thirty thousand feet of nothingness below, he had a right to feel the loneliest man in the plane.

Finally, the tenth man crouched behind his twin fifties at the very tail of the plane. Early versions of the heavy bomber had left him out, but he had been quickly included when it was seen how vulnerable the plane was without him. He had a perfect view of any attack from the rear, and the fire of his guns quickly taught enemy fighters to seek some less well defended avenue of approach.

Thus, the B-17 was indeed a flying fortress, with guns pointed in all directions. All told there would be seven gunners manning ten machine guns — a turret with two guns pointed at the



- = INDUSTRY
- ⌚ = RAILROAD CENTER
- △ = AIR BASE
- = SUB PEN
- ▽ = A-A BATTERY

⚡ This row does not exist in the APPLE® and ATARI® versions. Subsequently, consider the last two rows to be moved up one row.

ABSOLUTE MINIMUM FUEL NEEDED FOR ROUND TRIP AT 5000 FT. ASSUMING BOMB LOAD DROPPED ON TARGET

ROUEN	760	CHERBOURG	550	PARIS	810	ANTWERP	830	BREMEN	1310
BREST	960	RENNES	880	ROMILLY-S-S	940	(H/F) WILHEIMSHAVEN	1220	HAMM	1270
(H/F) LORIENT	1010	ABBEVILLE	470	LILLE	630	EMDEN	1140	SCHWEINFURT	1590
ST. NAZAIRE	1090	ST. OMER	410	MEAUITE	660	KIEL	1580		
(H/F) LA ROCHELLE	1260	AMIENS	660	ROTTERDAM	750	(H/F) VEGESACK	1230		

(H/F) = Heavy Flak